THE LIBRARY ASSISTANT

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE ASSOCIATION OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS
(Section of the Library Association)

HON. EDITOR: T. I. M. CLULOW
(Leeds City Libraries)

No. 458 FEBRUARY, 1938

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Announcements

GREATER LONDON DIVISION

A MEETING of the Greater London Division will be held at Chaucer House at 7 p.m., Wednesday, 16th February, when three short papers will be given by Messrs. E. Beels (Southwark), F. J. Cornell (Library Association), and F. J. Abbott (British Non-Ferrous Metals Research Association) on the work of commercial, professional, and special libraries respectively. This will be the first official meeting of the new Division, and members are therefore asked to make a special effort to attend.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.—Students are reminded that applications for the Revision Courses in Classification and Cataloguing must reach Mr. S. W. Martin, Carnegie Library, Herne Hill Road, London, S.E.24, by 20th February, after which date no application will be considered. These revision courses are intended only for students who have previously sat for the Intermediate Examination. In no circumstance will any other application be considered. Full particulars of the courses are to be found in the current *Library Association Year Book*, or they may be obtained from Mr. Martin, as above.

The Hon. Treasurer asks us to remind Transitional Members that their subscriptions became due on 1st January. Those attached to a Division should send their subscriptions to the appropriate Divisional Treasurer; all others should send them direct to Mr. D. E. Coult, Central Library, Ilford, Essex.

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Council Notes

AT its meeting on 5th January, the Council received, and accepted with pleasure, a warm invitation to hold the Annual Meeting for 1938 in Leicester on 25th May. Details of the programme will be announced later. In common with the various Sections, the A.A.L. will have only one Session at the L.A. Conference at Portsmouth, instead of the customary two Sessions. The Editor of THE LIBRARY ASSISTANT will divulge his "Reflections on libraries in a changing society," an intriguing title for what will doubtless be a very discussable paper.

The Library Association has appointed a very representative committee to resume consideration of the whole question of the organization of the Association, the relation of the L.A. Council and the Branches and Sections. In fact, to review once more the possibility of reorganizing the Association along the lines suggested in the 1935 Amalgamation Proposals. The A.A.L. will be represented on this committee by the Hon. Secretary and the Hon. Treasurer.

The following appointments were made:

Chairman of the Council: F. Seymour Smith.

Hon. Education Secretary: S. W. Martin.

Hon. Librarian: H. C. Twaits.

Finance and General Purposes Committee: Misses Dean, Lynes, and White; Messrs. Bateson, Collett, Headon, Lindsay, and White, together with the Hon. Officers.

Publications: The Hon. Editor, Misses Exley and Harrison; Messrs. Burke, Cartledge, Gardner, Holliday, Pugsley, and Stevenson.

Education and Library: Miss Baker; Messrs. Dent, Drewery, Halliday, Harris, Martin, Phillips, Seymour Smith, Twaits, and Woods.

Programme: The Hon. Officers.

A sub-committee has been appointed to consider the possibility of publishing an English *Code for classifiers*. Sales of the *Primer of book classification* have been extraordinarily good, and only about 100 copies of the edition of 1,000 copies remain. Students who desire copies are therefore urged to send for them at once.

Rules for the administration of the Association's Benevolent Fund were considered and adopted.

Two resolutions relative to the rule which deprives members of the L.A. whose subscriptions have not been paid prior to 1st July of their right to vote at the election for the L.A. Council were adopted for submission to the L.A. Council.

The President reported on certain objections which had been raised in the L.A. Council respecting the Rules recently adopted by the members of the A.A.L., and outlined the legal position relating to the right claimed by the L.A. Council to approve or disapprove of the Rules of the A.A.L.

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The Council investigated an alleged irregularity in connexion with the election of a Divisional Committee for the N.E. Division for the year 1938, but found that the complaint made had not been substantiated.

The President and the Hon. Secretary will represent the Association at the L.A. Conference.

Poetry and Drama in 1937

W. B. STEVENSON

Books reviewed : RICHARD ALDINGTON, *The Crystal world* (Heinemann, 5*s.*). MAXWELL ANDERSON, *High tor*, *The Masque of kings*, *Winterset* (Anderson House, Washington, $2 each). W. H. AUDEN, *Spain* (Faber, 1*s.*). W. H. AUDEN and LOUIS MACNEICE, *Letters from Iceland* (Faber, 9*s.*). CLAIRE BOOTHE, *The Women* (Random House, $2). GERALD BULLETT, *Poems in pencil* (Dent, 5*s.*). ERSKINE CALDWELL, *Tobacco road* (Secker, 3*s.* 6*d.*). JOHN EVELYN, *Poems* (Davies, 6*s.*). EDNA FERBER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, *Stage door* (Heinemann, 3*s.* 6*d.*). MAXIM GORKI, *Last plays* (Lawrence and Wishart, 3*s.* 6*d.*). GULLAN and ROBERTS, *Where's that bomb?* (Lawrence and Wishart, 1*s.*). Moss HART and George S. KAUFMAN, *You can't take it with you* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2). LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *A. E. H.* (Cape, 8*s.* 6*d.*). LOUIS MACNEICE, *Out of the picture* (Faber, 6*s.*). CHARLES MADGE, *The Disappearing Castle* (Faber, 5*s.*). EDGAR LEE MASTERS, *The New world* (Appleton, 10*s.* 6*d.*). EDWIN MUIR, *Journeys and places* (Dent, 2*s.* 6*d.*). GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, *The Avon flows* (Random House, $2.50). EZRA POUND, *The Fifth decad of Cantos* (Faber, 6*s.*). J. B. PRIESTLEY, *Time and the Conways*, *I have been here before* (Heinemann, 3*s.* 6*d.* each). D. K. ROBERTS and GEOFFREY GRIGSON, *The Year's poetry* (Lane, 3*s.* 6*d.*). ROBERT SHERWOOD, *Idiot's delight* (Scribner, 7*s.* 6*d.*). GEORGE SHIELS, *The Passing day* (Macmillan, 7*s.* 6*d.*). ALLEN TATE, *Selected poems* (Scribners, 7*s.* 6*d.*). SARA TEASDALE, *Collected poems* (Macmillan, 12*s.* 6*d.*). ERNEST TOLLER, *No more peace!* (Lane, 6*s.*). H. R. WILLIAMSON, *Mr. Gladstone* (Constable, 2*s.* 6*d.*).

> " *From this wet island of birds and chimneys,*
> *Who can watch suffering Europe and be not angry?* "

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THESE words, from a poem by Kenneth Allott, might be taken as a comment on much modern literature. For our poets and dramatists this year *are* angry. Pound is angry about usury—the fools who won't accept Social Credit and Fascism; Auden is angry about Spain; Sherwood about the idiocy of war; Macneice doesn't like the capitalist system or armament manufacturers, and so on. And why not? There is no doubt that the wakening of social consciousness has given urgency and a new interest to much contemporary writing. Those who hang back, the art-for-arts-sakers, those who " cannot take sides," can reflect on the words of Thomas Mann: " One frequently hears it said that the artist . . . merely cheapens himself when he descends into the political arena. I consider this a weak objection, because of my conviction, or rather my clear realization of the fact that the different spheres of humanity—whether artistic, cultural, or political—are really inseparable."

Let us see, then, what the poetry of 1937 has left us to remember. Auden, who must wear the King's Medal with some diffidence, has written *Spain*, a long poem. It cannot be called entirely a success, for political elements are not converted into poetry even by white-hot indignation and an enthusiasm for the cause of the Spanish Government. " Poets exploding like bombs " is one simile too close to the truth to be successful. In Auden's collaboration with Macneice, *Letters from Iceland*, we find him in a less militant mood. This delightful book, which many reviewers found schoolboyish and nauseating, remains for me one of the most interesting books of the year. Macneice's poems in the book are among his best, while Auden's " Letters to Lord Byron " strike a new note in his poetry. They are not too Byronic (the rhythm stumbles a little occasionally), but they are continuously amusing. From this to Pound is a long jump, for I find that the *Cantos* grow more and more exasperating. The publisher reminds us, just a little too slickly, that this is the most important poem of the year; perhaps, when the *Cantos* are completed, we will see the significance of this excessive praise. The latest decad remains the same mixture as before. It is a labyrinth in which the reader may wander, stumbling over untranslated phrases in Greek and Latin, mediæval business letters, and economic tracts; while finding perhaps a gleam of gold here and there in a line of pure poetry. The *Cantos* remind me more and more of Browning's famous remark about " Sordello ": there let us leave them.

An epic poem comes from America—Edgar Lee Masters' *The New world* —an heroic effort to compress three hundred years of American history into

as many pages of verse. Many admirers of the author's epigrammatic *Spoon River anthology* may find disappointment in this chunky epic ; but it has many fine passages, and on the whole does what it is meant to do. Too much of the poem is prosy, though even the prose has the rude vigour of the American pioneers in its rhythm. Perhaps the work is not wholly suited to English ears, for names like " Valley Forge " and " Paul Revere " strike no familiar chord in our memory; yet it is a poem well worth our attention. Charles Madge, the founder of mass observation, has written some poems, *The Disappearing castle*, in an individual manner. Many of them are psychological in theme, and the prose poems, " Bourgeois news," for instance, have Surrealist tendencies. You may enjoy Madge if you are willing to grapple with poetry—otherwise keep away !

To turn to poetry more obviously poetic, we have had Gerald Bullett's *Poems in pencil :* a delightfully produced edition of some distinguished work. These are short poems, traditional in subject-matter; calm, unhurried, and philosophical, they have a felicity of phrase and show a turn of mind that give aptness to their title. Just as Gill can express so much in half a dozen pencil lines, so Gerald Bullett's poems attain their object. Richard Aldington's *The Crystal world* will remind us in many ways of *The Dream in the Luxembourg*, for these are love poems; and love poetry is rare enough nowadays. This sequence of short lyrics has the true ring of personal emotion; yet it is curious to find a novelist so ironic, so violent in his hatred of some aspects of modern life, writing such delicate verse. We can enjoy them the more for this glimpse of Aldington's more tender side. Sara Teasdale's *Collected poems* are American; and she has all the clarity and concision we associate with Emily Dickinson without the naïveté of that remarkable poet. Here is a sophisticated mind expressing itself in polished and original verse. She is generally content to set forth a single thought in one short poem:

" *Brooks sing in the spring*
And in summer cease ;
I who sang in my youth
Now hold my peace.

" *Youth is a noisy stream*
Chattering over the ground ;
But the sad wisdom of age
Wells up without sound."

There are many lyrics like this for the reader to find; while the chronological order in which the book is set out shows the poet's deepening maturity of thought. Perhaps not great poetry, but poetry well wrought and lovely.

Edwin Muir's *Journeys and places* is a new volume from a poet of distinction. He is modern in outlook and philosophical in feeling; many of the poems have "time" themes, especially the remarkable "The Stationary journey" in which time rolls backwards:

> "*David and Homer tune their harps*
> *Gaza is up, sprung from its wreck*
> *Samson goes free, Delilah's shears*
> *Join his strong ringlets to his neck.*
>
> •
>
> "*A dream! The astronomic years*
> *Patrolled by stars, and planets bring*
> *Time led in chains from post to post*
> *Of the all-conquering Zodiac ring.*"

Muir's poems on literary subjects, such as "Ibsen" and "Holderlin's journey," are equally successful. An interesting book, written surely and well. Philosophy is also bound up in the poetry of Allen Tate, whose *Selected poems* comes from America. Tate is not well known in England, but he should be. He is bred in the American tradition, and, like Masters, many of his allusions may be strange to English readers; yet few can fail to recognize "Ode to the Confederate dead" as authentic poetry. Tate has an interesting theory of poetry: "As a poet, I have never had any experience . . . and my concern is the experience that I hope the reader will have in reading the poem. The poet, as a seer who experiences life on behalf of the population . . . is an interesting picture; it happens to be one with which I have no sympathy at all." Forbidding words for a preface; so if you want vicarious experience from your poetry, you need not approach Allen Tate; but if thought does not disturb you, you will enjoy this wiry and intellectual verse. A first book of *Poems* by John Evelyn brings a writer new to us. Traditional enough in theme and form, his poetry is yet well constructed and original in thought. A pleasant volume from a promising writer, recommended as an antidote to the more violent moderns.

Those who know most of the "Shropshire lad" by heart (and I am one

of them, I confess) will wish to read the memoir and additional poems of A. E. Housman published by his brother Laurence. There are eighteen additions to the more serious poems, and some interesting variants on poems in *A Shropshire lad*; but the book also has the merit of gathering together Housman's lighter verse. One sometimes imagined Housman as a rather gloomy Don, for ever engaged in implacable controversy with his fellows; but it was a false impression. He could produce the most refreshingly imbecile verses, and was always ready for a joke, if it were a good one. These lighter poems will be a joy to his admirers. I recommend the sad story of the " Cappadocian who fell into the ocean ": all the family gradually fall into one sea or another, till the mother, left alone, falls into the Pacific crying:

" *I have been too prolific !* "

Another anthology, this time from many hands, is *The Year's poetry, 1937*. This is a fascinating book for anyone interested in the newer movement in poetry. Auden, Spender, and Day Lewis (in fact, all " the bungalow school," as Miss Sitwell so foolishly calls them), those *enfants terribles* Gascoyne, Warner, and Dylan Thomas, together with a number of newer names, are represented. K. J. Raine, Bernard Spencer, Kenneth Allott will be familiar to readers of *New verse*, that excellently edited magazine that, alas ! appears on so few reading-room tables. This anthology is strongly recommended.

Americans have been prominent in poetry this year, but in plays they have carried all before them. In addition to Archibald Macleish's remarkable play, *The Fall of the city* (already recommended in these pages), we have had three poetic plays from Maxwell Anderson that, to my mind, are the events of the year. Though he has been writing for some years, Anderson is not well known in England. That a poet should dominate Broadway and make theatrical history is a strange thing, but he has done it. *Winterset* we know from the film: it has the inevitable movie happy ending, yet it was one of the best films of the year. Perhaps few among cinema audiences noticed that the characters spoke blank verse: most of the play is blank verse, however; stark in effect, yet remarkably supple and suitable for the stage. As *Hamlet*, set in the New York slums, *Winterset* has a sombre beauty and great power. Trock is far from the semi-heroic film gangster; Mio and Myriamne, with their brief love story, are tragic characters; the half-crazed judge, Esdras the grave old Jew, the outcasts of the slums—all move in an atmosphere of gloom, dominated by the shadow of the great bridge. The action,

depending on coincidence though it does, has an inevitability rarely found in modern drama. *The Masque of kings*, which is to be seen in London soon, is a re-telling of the story of Mayerling. *High Tor* is a comedy thoroughly American, yet of interest to the English reader. On his hills above the encroaching city, a stubborn young Dutchman defends his land against estate agents. He is helped in his task by his ghostly ancestors and by three bank robbers who come on the scene. This is high comedy of the finest sort, and we hope to see it here soon. In the meantime, librarians should acquire these three plays—they are among the best products of the modern theatre.

Sherwood's *Idiot's delight*, the Pulitzer prize play of 1936, has had no performance in England as yet. It has a contemporary theme—the coming of war to Europe—and has all the qualities that make " box office." The clash of temperaments, clean cut and brilliant dialogue, comedy, suspense, and two fine parts for stars—it has all these. Even on the printed page the characters are alive; and there is one great pacifist speech which might be used as a weapon by all who hate war. This is a play worth reading, and another triumph for the writer of *Reunion in Vienna*. Erskine Caldwell and Jack Kirkland's *Tobacco road*, now in its fourth year in America, had a brief and private career in England. Reviled by the critics for its " unnecessary " realism, it is a picture of the poor white sharecroppers of the " Deep South." Jeeter Lester, who would sell his daughter for salt pork and corn meal, is indeed a figure of earth; yet he has a queer nobility in his fight to hold his land. This is a horrible play, yet it reproduces conditions that actually exist: its grim irony proved too much for our delicate taste in England.

We have not been without good English plays this year, however, but they have been plays of a different character. Hugh Ross Williamson's *Mr. Gladstone*, unreasonably banned by the Censor, is a sympathetic and intelligent study of the " grand old man." A contrast to the repulsive portrait given in *Parnell*, the play does Gladstone justice, and sheds some new light on Queen Victoria. Episodic in form, it takes the main incidents in Gladstone's career and makes of them a good and interesting play. Louis Macneice's *Out of the picture* follows the lines of the Auden and Isherwood plays in giving a picture of contemporary life in the guise of farce. Macneice has wit, a sense of dialogue, and an excellent doggerel verse that gives point to his political satire. But his sense of the theatre is less acute: the play starts well, but squanders its energy on the second act. A play for reading rather than performance. In contrast is *Where's that bomb?* which

is better in performance than reading. This is a real proletarian play, for Gullan and Roberts are both taxi-drivers. The authors are Rabelaisian, naïve at times, and almost hysterical in their violence, yet here is a play with a good idea, and the sheer broadness of its farce drives its moral home. This one-sided satire on the commercialization of art, the hire-purchase system, and the bourgoisie leaves us with the impression that all capitalists are black, and all workers very red. But it is a play with the energy of youth in it, and a belief in something; which is more than can be said for our drawing-room comedies and studies of sweet family life.

The English dramatist of the year is undoubtedly J. B. Priestley, whose record of three plays running at once has only been equalled by Maugham. These plays are more than the usual West End success: Priestley is a comparative new-comer to the stage, but he has brought fresh ideas to it. The much-discussed act in *Time and the Conways*, with its reversed action, may be only a theatrical trick, but it is an effective and interesting trick. *I have been here before* is a play with " atmosphere," even in print. The use of Ouspensky's time philosophy is convincing, and though Mr. Priestley has played these games on us before (he did it in *Dangerous corner*), he has brought a new and interesting twist to them. The characters are real, the dialogue natural: these two plays deserve their success.

Two interesting translations have appeared this year: Toller's *No more peace* and Gorky's *Last plays*. Toller's play, on an anti-war theme, opens in Olympus. St. Francis, and Napoleon, looking down on the earth, argue on man's pacifist instincts. Napoleon is sure he can cause a war—and he does it simply enough, by sending a telegram " War has been declared " to the president of a Central European State. The pacifists are thrown in jail; a dictator appears, the peace poet turns his masterpiece into a war song; the air force mobilizes. Socrates goes down to argue, but comes back convinced of man's illogicality. The situation is saved by an angel: bribed by a pair of *chic* Parisian wings, she sends a counter-telegram. The translation by Edward Crankshaw and Auden's versions of the choruses are excellent: the play is a brilliant piece of satire. *Last plays of Maxim Gorky* are two parts of a trilogy, uncompleted on his death. Solid pieces of work, these, earnest in their socialist zeal. Well translated, they are interesting samples of Soviet theatre. George Shiels is an Irish dramatist who will be remembered for *Professor Tim*. *The Passing day* and *The Jailbird* are two pleasant comedies of Irish life. The first is about a mean man: he hovers between life and death, while his wife and stepson quarrel over his money. Both are

disappointed. The second, an amusing story of a man who makes good after five years in jail, is a study of Irish village life, with its scandalmongering and private feuds. The dialogue is good, and the surprise ending effective.

Ferber and Kaufman's *Stage door* was bound to be filmed; this setting of a stage boarding-house, full of aspiring tragediennes and tap dancers, was made for the cinema. The characters are well contrasted, and though they are familiar types enough, the play goes with a swing. Plays about crazy families are not uncommon, but *You can't take it with you* is almost Surrealist in its fantasy. A grandfather who collects rattlesnakes and attends college prize days; a mother who pounds out play after play on the typewriter, because someone left a typewriter there and she just had to use it; a daughter who does ballet dancing to her brother's xylophone, while her father and his friend make fireworks in the cellar; these should be ingredients enough. Add a dancing master, a Russian princess, two comparatively sane people and a love story; and we have a near riot. Typical American theatre this: fast moving and completely mad, but a good laughter-maker. Claire Boothe's *The Women*, published in Gollancz' *Best plays of* 1937, contains not one man in its large cast, and concerns the women who drift from dress shows to " beauticians," from bridge parties to the divorce court. There is one good woman in the cast—and she is a fool: the others are the finest collection of cats assembled on any one stage. They are vapid, tasteless, sensation seekers, but they are real, and Claire Boothe has satirized them mercilessly.

Lastly, a very " bookish " play, George Jean Nathan's *The Avon flows*. This daring experiment is three Shakespeare plays in one: *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Taming of the shrew*, and *Othello*. Not a word has been altered: a few scenes transposed and some stage directions are the only changes. The resulting comedy of marriage is a real *tour de force*—a tribute to Shakespeare and to Nathan's ingenuity.

On the whole, we can say 1937 has been a normal enough year: we have had some good plays, but no very promising new names in poetry. The drama is more alive than ever, in spite of the cinema. And the long runs of such plays as *Winterset*, *Time and the Conways*, *Victoria Regina*, and *Murder in the cathedral* show some heightening of the standard of public taste. We can look forward hopefully to 1938.

Some Fiction of 1937

J. D. REYNOLDS

IT is sad to live in an age which is denied its giants, and we whose interest in the writing of novels is post-war most certainly do live in such an age so far as novelists are concerned.

Or am I wrong, seeing contemporary fiction with narrowed and prejudiced eyes, and can it be that among us there are people who impatiently pace away the last few days before the release of the newest Walpole, Aldington, or Cronin, as I believe our fathers had cause to, while awaiting the newest Hardy or Conrad, Bennett or Galsworthy, when these writers were in their prime?

If any such remain, then I wonder if what their giants provided during 1937 has pleased, for (again I may be prejudiced) I confess to disappointment in the year's output of all those whose stature to-day approaches the heroic.

They are all represented, so anxious for their fame that not one unproductive year dare be allowed. Is this a possible cause for so many imperfect effects? The cause which, for example, forces so distinguished an impressionist as H. M. Tomlinson to put his name to so indistinct a story as *All hands*? A grand sea story which never really comes to life. Then there is the sad spectacle of Compton Mackenzie re-living his youth and re-writing, in his *Four winds of love*, the theme he wrote so much better before the war, when it was called *Sinister street*. This year's contribution was the *South wind*.

Richard Aldington, too, has spoiled a good theme—the predicament of a young man of the moneyed world, who has suddenly lost his means of support—by technical imperfections. His admirers will find all the Aldington ingredients—cynicism, idealism, wit, and poetry—even in the title *Very heaven*, but what careless handling of theme after *Death of a hero* and *All men are enemies*. In his *Time to be going*, R. H. Mottram moralizes on the pathetic situation of an old man in young company. The knightly Hugh has been driven to his own kind for material, and his *John Cornelius* is an affected mock biography (carefully foot-noted and referenced) of a successful novelist who never got where he wanted. Francis Brett Young has broken new ground in two senses, having deserted his favourite Worcestershire for South Africa in its pioneering days. A painful story, well told, well adventured, and of interest throughout.

Frank Swinnerton's annual is a careful and elaborately planned inter-

mingling of the lives of three men from boyhood to old age. Through six hundred vivid pages, *Harvest comedy* holds our attention and delays our reward. One of the best of the " near giant " group. Cronin is becoming a habit, and most of the people who read these notes will still be wondering whether the existing copies of *The Citadel* will need binding before the reserve list is worked off. As good assistants they will, it is assumed, not have poached on their public's preserves yet, and it behoves me to whisper that it is A Novel about Doctors.

Powys (J. C.) has not let *his* admirers down, and in *Maiden Castle* and *Morwyn* there is set out for our delight the well-known regiment of Powys and satyr-ridden monsters, with their exciting onomatopœic names. I revel in this supernatural company, and will defend it against all scoffers. Current interest in the ballet should bring Louis Golding a following for his *Dance goes on*—a rapid and vivacious melodrama—and when Mr. Golding creates a character for whom " men would have thrust nails into their bodies," we know they will. Somerset Maugham, too, takes us " behind the scenes " in a psychological study of the temperament of England's number one, but now middle-aged, actress, Julia Lambert, and her husband. *Theatre* displays a mind full of significant appreciation for the drama and its presentation to the public. In his posthumous collection of detective stories, G. K. Chesterton created an investigator whose mind and methods demand as much subtlety and culture from the reader as did the problems of their detective. Mr. Pond will stand alongside Father Brown as a treat for the erudite—an alternative to the cross-word (Torquemada standard). H. G. Wells's newest novel—*Brynhild* (all the reviews quoted her as " that quiet lovely," and I refuse to be out of it)—will not gain the public his earlier novels still claim. The last two hundred pages of our copy are still significantly clean, and it is already " on the shelf." This intellectual story of Rowland and Alfred, the rival novelists, serves as a cock-shy for Mr. Wells's annoyances well enough, but it is certainly not, as the publishers claim, a return to Kipps and Mr. Polly days.

The Poet Laureate, too, is concerned with social abuses. His *Square peg* is designed to supplement *Eggs and baker* of last year, and is about what people who hunt and fish and shoot think of people who do these things at the wrong time to the wrong things.

I have to report, in closing this section, that P. G. Wodehouse has written another *Lord Emsworth and others*, but that I am one of the outcasts who are *not* amused.

The Library Assistant

With such a hurried reminder of the works of the Great Ones completed, the field is open for an equally hurried reference to their closest rivals.

The group is characterized by proficiency rather than inspiration, and includes writers from whom one has come to expect a certain level of interest, and who would probably find it as difficult to fall below as to rise above the height on which they have established themselves. Eric Linklater is typical of the group, his *Juan in America* being the standard by which his subsequent work is measured. He has taken this same Juan to China this year, and led him through a series of adventures in Shanghai which so closely forecast the events of October and November as to make it difficult to realize that they must have been written months beforehand. The affair of the tin-plated plywood tanks must not be missed, but it should also be remembered that works by the man who could invent *The Crusader's key* are not to be recommended over our counters indiscriminately.

The remarks prepared for Margaret Irwin's *Stranger prince* have, as I write, been proved superfluous, since we librarians as a body have just voted it as the outstanding novel of the year. This is a little surprising, since it is essentially a book demanding more than the usual attention a novel demands of its readers, designed, it is thought, for lovers of history before readers of novels.

But the period novel is in favour, and is attracting the attention of an increasing group of authoritative writers. Jack Lindsay's *Adam for a new world*—brutal and indecent as is its period, sixteenth-century Venice, with a hero who claimed no more approval in his day than does Mr. Lindsay's picture of him in ours—cannot be passed over as insignificant. Giodarno Bruno and his Venice are here presented as vividly as a contemporary painter might have painted them.

Storm Jameson disappoints in her *Delicate monster*. The story—that of the relations of Fanny and Victoria, novelist and film star respectively—is slight, and the style marred by overstatement and poor construction. But the book is " alive," and can be generally recommended.

Liam O'Flaherty's *Famine* is much less violent than some of his earlier books, and depends for its expression of the author's indignation and pity on delicate reconstruction and understanding. The famine is that of the 1840's, and the story, its effect on an Irish village, complete with landlord's agent, priest and parson, doctor and police, and, above all, old Brian Kilmartin, with his stubborn loyalty to the land which is failing them all.

In her Andrew, Pearl Buck has created a real and lovable character, extravagant of purpose and will, the *Fighting angel* of the title, a missionary in China, subjugating all to the mission, earning the disapproval of his family, yet, by his creator's skill, winning approval from his readers. The novel reflects events in China from the Boxer period up to the Revolution.

The shams and pretentions of the contemporary world offer themselves beautifully to the raillery of Ivor Brown, who has recently established himself as our satirist-in-chief. In *The Great and the goods* he sets up Dr. Strongitharm Chirrup as the symbol of self-assertive modern publicity, and allows him to express Mr. Brown's indignation at the hypocrisy and pseudo-isms of the world. An anatomy of our absurdities which should be issued judiciously and pointedly by discerning assistants.

I liked Rhys Davies' *Time to laugh*, for, unlike so many interpreters of depressed area life, he realizes that there *is* time to laugh. The recklessly generous Daisy sets the tone of this violent and squalid story, and so preserves a balance which results in easily accepted probability. It will make impressions in places *The Road to Wigan pier* will never reach.

To complete the check-list of standard writers, none outstanding but all proficient, one must include Richard Church's Civil Service novel *The Porch*, Hemingway's tough guy *To have and to have not*, Helen Simpson's Sydney, Act 1, novel *Under Capricorn*, Guy Pocock's pseudo-Bohemian *Stubbs at fifty*, Ann Bridge's Italian *Enchanter's nightshade*, Marguerite Steen's *Who would have daughters*, Ernest Raymond's *The Marsh*, Remarque's *Three comrades*, and Louis Bromfield's *The Rains come* (this latter not yet published in England).

Were I to venture on a personal choice of the year's best novels, it would be to the group of first novelists I would turn, and from them select Wilkin's *And so—Victoria*. This story meets all definitions of the novel, and requires no apologies for experimental curiosities. A period piece by a man who knows his period well enough to sound convincing, with a passionate hatred of corruption and cruelty, and a technique able to present a score of stories and incidents, historical and fictional, ably mingled into a glamorous whole. A little over-painted, a little melodramatic, but grand entertainment.

My next choice would be a reminder of Cloete's *Turning wheels*. Here again is a story-teller, forgetting the tempting possibilities for propaganda which the novel form offers, and contenting himself and a great body of readers with an exciting story, full of action, with convincing characters and

an historically correct theme—that of the great Boer Trek of 1837. It coincidence has led two writers to the same theme within a month of each other, Brett Young's *They seek a country* being concerned with this same trek. I have no doubt that of the two treatments, that of the new writer is the better, robust, full-blooded, and passionate, where the other remains conventional, and, at times, especially in the love scenes, artificial. Here are two worthy books with which any assistant could counter that oft-heard wail about no Wallaces, no Oppenheims, and no Sappers being in.

I enjoyed *Sea way only*, by H. Jordan, immensely. The hero, John Coke, is shown as a most able officer, and ability is in turn shown to be reckoned as naught when set against malicious gossip. Of the three parts of the tale, the first sees Coke as chief officer of a luxury liner, the second, degraded and running a small tramp steamer, and the third, reinstated and captain of a liner; it is the third which is most convincing, and exciting too, since a thrilling rescue at sea is thrown in to provide a climax. Recommend it to readers who *will* talk about that cruise last summer.

Other first novels which should be remembered are Edith Sitwell's construction of Dean Swift's life, *I live under a black sun*, Mrs. J. L. Garvin's *Child of light*, J. Hall's *Loving memory*, S. Engstrand's *Tomato field*, D. Charque's *Tramp and his woman*, M. Deas' *Not with me*, E. Dodge's *Fleshly screen*, E. A. Hibbitt's *The Brittlesnaps*, R. E. Mitchell's *Deep waters*, and A. Lytle's *The Long night*.

A very polished group of short stories is to be remembered, with pride of place going to the two Bates, H. E. with *Something short and sweet*, and Ralph with *Rainbow fish*. Mr. H. E. deals almost entirely with themes of despair and frustration, and his work should be kept from people who say "just something light, you know." Here is strong meat highly seasoned—the story of the humiliated boy's ghastly attempt at revenge on his humiliator's dog is starkly terrible, and one is stupefied by the bitterness of "Spring snow" and the intensity of "the Kimono." There are just four stories in *The Rainbow fish*; one, "Death of a virgin," is an excellent example of a writer in complete mastery of his theme, which is Spain, whilst the title story is to be commended as an example to all who do or would write stories for our shilling monthlies. The collecting of a group of escapists on to a doomed coffin ship is masterfully accomplished, and thrills remain to the last line. Unlike H. E., Ralph may be handed out safely to the newest convert from the reading-room.

A. E. Coppard, too, impresses as one of the most individual short-story

writers of our time in his *Ninepenny flute*. His deeply sympathetic portrayal of spinsters and drunkards, soldiers and shopkeepers, with their customers, sets him up as an acute observer of life, in its most trivial as well as its most significant.

Stella Gibbons has never again touched the heights she achieved in that glorious parody of the Powys school—*Cold comfort farm*. There is no sting left in any of the stories contained in *Roaring tower*, and they are mentioned as a warning rather than as a recommendation. The farm and the tower are miles apart.

Kay Boyle should be remembered as one of the most competent of our short-story technicians, a little stylized perhaps, but a safe recommendation. She has two collections out this year, *White horses of Vienna* and *First lover*. William Saroyan, too, has two collections to his name—*The Gay and melancholy flux* and *Little children*. Readers are sure to ask what the author who produced *The Daring young man* is doing these days.

Several books have been singled out for special attention during the year, having won prizes for one thing or another, and if for no other reason, claim inclusion in a survey of the year's fiction. Three are by foreigners—J. Foldes' *Street of the fishing cat*, R. Kuhn's *Jost*, and S. Salminen's *Katrina*, all three straightforward stories without any axes to grind, and whilst it is obvious that possession of a prize label tells us nothing of the standard of the other entries (for all three were written specially for the competition they won), it is simplest to say fairly that here are three competent, interesting, and readable novels. Similarly, N. K. Smith's *A Stranger and a sojourner*, and T. Rayment's *Valley of the sky* may be judged, whilst we librarians are responsible for the elevation of an already published novel to prize ranks—Margaret Irwin's *Stranger prince*.

Finally, and with trepidation, I approach the most distinguished (as against the best, or the most popular) novel of the year—for any novel from Virginia Woolf has a well-established title to such a description. I am at an immediate disadvantage, having only had the opportunity for a single reading of it, and am satisfied that no work of Mrs. Woolf can be fully appreciated until a measure of familiarity is reached, in much the same way as it is often necessary to hear a symphony many times before apprehension dawns. Indeed, there is something symphonic about these novels, and *The Years* is actually discernible as a sequence of movements, beautifully orchestrated and developed to a glorious finale. Life, the hero, is offset against Time, the villain, the years of the title are the last fifty, and the

movements could be labelled 1880, 1891, 1907, 1908, 1910, 1911, 1913, 1914, 1917, 1918, and Present Day, these being the points at which the chronicle pauses—a suite rather than a symphony perhaps.

The plot?—there is very little. The theme, Time, has been mentioned, and on this skeleton the uneventful Pargiter chronicle is loosely hung. Eleanor and Kitty are our chief informants, whilst other members of the family are allowed to arrive and mix in that most subtle Woolf manner, so that without even being aware of an introduction, we have already reached intimacy. The significance of organic pattern is stressed by repetition and recurrence of incident and phrase, and the formless flux theory of life and time finally rejected.

That the day is far ahead when the demand for novels such as this one becomes embarrassing is, I think, as it should be. There will always exist a small group of readers, willing to select and remain as individuals, unaffected by Clubs, Societies, Prizes, and Press Notices, and they will always be of the elect. For them the Virginia Woolfs will continue to write.

Our Library

The Public library : its history, organization and functions, by Eric Leyland. Pitman 3s. 6d.

THIS is a dull book which cannot even justify its dullness by claiming to supply a "long-felt want," for Sharp and Doubleday satisfy the demands of the entrant to the profession and, incidentally, remain interesting.

The sub-title tells us that the book is designed for public library users and students preparing for the Elementary Examination of the L.A., and it is perhaps the desire to serve two masters which has proved the author's undoing. The book is a monotonous presentation of facts both great and small, and is calculated to depress the most enthusiastic assistant. For even juniors (and readers for that matter) should be credited with some intelligence; yet here is an example of Mr. Leyland's attitude: explaining the ordinary index of a book, he says, "The most common method is to arrange the entries in alphabetical order, with the purpose of informing the reader of the whereabouts of particular items of information of which he knows the subjects." Most of the facts in the book, let it be said, are accurate, although

here are inevitably slips, such as the impression given that *all* books in a dictionary catalogue have a title entry.

Again, major and minor facts are mixed without any indication of relative importance. Having stated details of the duties to be carried out in connexion with the processing of a book, the author says, "All this is apart from other routine duties, such as supervising departments, taking in and issuing books to borrowers, registering new readers, aiding research, and generally administering the institution"! And I must quote a phrase which is likely to become classic: "An assistant may do the minimum amount of work and the fact will rarely be detected" (!) This may of course be Mr. Leyland's experience, but I know it is not mine, and I certainly hope it is no one else's. In any case, it is surely indiscreet to give it publicity?

I feel that, although Mr. Leyland was to be commended for giving us a valuable work on the library and the adolescent, he is not on those grounds to be forgiven for attempting to foist on us so trivial a book as this.

E. H.

Students' Problems: V

D. H. HALLIDAY

CONTINUING Mr. F. McDonald's comments on points raised by Mr. R. Cooper in his letter in the December number, here is the reply to the final question:

Is a prospectus to be catalogued as it stands or is what the examinee knows on his own account to be used? If he is asked to catalogue a prospectus of the life of the Duke of Marlborough, and knows the Duke's family name, is he supposed to enter under the latter, though it does not appear on the prospectus?

In general, it may be said that a prospectus should be catalogued as it stands. That is, if the prospectus is for part of a set, that part only is to be catalogued and not the complete set, even if it is of such a character that a normal library would be sure to possess the complete set.

Candidates are not expected to know the family name of every titled author, though if it is known for certain, it may be used as the heading. In cases where the family name is not known, enter as follows:

[Family name from Debrett] 5th Duke of Marlborough. It is better to

leave a blank than to make a foolish mistake such as the examiners reported two years ago, *i.e.* Homer (Quintus Flaccus) !

Naturally, cataloguing candidates should make use of their general knowledge; in fact, they have to if they wish to assign subject-headings accurately and make the necessary references.

Another question may be raised at this point. It concerns publications issued under the auspices of a corporate body. In the definition of Author in the Joint Code it says: " Corporate bodies may be considered the authors of books published in their name or by their authority." It should be observed that the word used is " may " and not " must "; hence, it is not inevitable that such books should be entered under the name of the corporate body, but the possibility of doing so should be carefully considered. In the case of Cruttwell's *History of peaceful change in the modern world*, which was published under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, I doubt whether a single reader would look under the name of the society, but in the examination an added entry or a reference should be given.

THE DECEMBER ELEMENTARY EXAMINATION

W. A. Munford and E. V. Corbett

[In addition to the separate accounts on distinct papers by Messrs. Munford and Corbett, each has supplied some notes on the remaining papers. As these notes in each case present a viewpoint complementary to the original account, they have been set out separately with a view to adding interest to the commentary. There is much point in what Mr. Munford says about the third paper, but I think that students should be reminded that, no matter how frightening the appearance of the questions, the standard of the Elementary Examination is not very high.—D. H. H.]

First Paper

Mr. Munford says: This is a straightforward paper, and should present no difficulties to any student who has adequately prepared himself for the examination. Examinees were indeed fortunate to have questions on both Richardson and Fielding, as comparative study is inevitable. Then the questions on Carlyle, Ben Jonson, Swift, and Jane Austen are eminently fair. One tires a little of the " Outline of the life and works of . . ." type of question, but few would complain of difficulties in answering this form *as a form*. Whereas " Comment on this quotation," etc., is a very different matter.

I wonder how many students gave the Brontë sisters for three early Victorian women novelists? The other questions call for simple statements of fact, and are such as confront the assistant on any and every day of his work in a home-reading department. Fortunate students!

From Mr. Corbett: It is probably the easiest and most straightforward that has ever been set in the Elementary Examination, and goes a long way to atone for the difficulties offered by the third paper. The most striking feature is the number of questions devoted to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; in fact, except for one or two books and authors in *Q.* 3 and *Q.* 8, only *Q.* 2, dealing with Jonson, is outside these centuries. Was this done on purpose, one wonders, so as to give candidates a more searching test over a short period rather than spread the questions over the whole syllabus?

Second and Third Papers

Mr. Corbett writes: Both of these papers are framed with a view to obtaining original answers, and the candidate with plenty of common sense, a reasonable amount of library experience, and knowledge of the work laid down in the syllabus should have done well; on the other hand, the student who confines all his studies to text-book reading and makes a point of reproducing them verbatim in examinations will find little to congratulate himself upon in these papers.

In the *Second Paper*, *Q.* 1 requires little comment; the chief advantage of filing by the class mark is, of course, that it facilitates the keeping of statistics of non-fiction issues; if detailed analysis of these issues is not required, then the simplicity of filing by accession number is to be preferred.

Q. 2 might at first sight appear to offer difficulties, but, in effect, it boils down to, " What are the advantages and disadvantages of Dewey's classification from the point of view of the borrower? " No specific text-book information is available on this aspect of Dewey in particular, but the sensible candidate (possessing, of course, a good outline knowledge of Dewey) will, putting himself in the reader's place, be able to do more than justice to the question.

Q. 3 consists of five questions on the use of heading in the Author entry; the Anglo-American Code is not specifically required, but in the cases of *c*, *d*, and *e*, where alternative forms of entry are possible, candidates should have pointed this out, giving the necessary added entries in each case.

Q. 4 is quite straightforward, the accession and shelf registers being the records in question; whilst *Q.* 5 should have appealed to everyone.

In the *Third Paper*, *Q.* 1 is purely and simply a matter of common sense and is one which each individual must think out for himself. Unfortunately, few adequate steps can be taken in limiting the use of the adult lending library by children, beyond regulating their hours of borrowing, allocating a separate section of the department to them, and maintaining strict supervision.

Q. 2 and *Q.* 3 need no criticism, both being purely matters of routine.

Q. 4 gives perhaps an unfair advantage to those working in the larger libraries where inter-branch loans are a regular feature of their work; text-book material on this point is scarce, although it is explained in Harrod's *Lending library methods*. The question should, however, offer little obstacle to anyone, for it is quite easy to evolve a satisfactory method for oneself.

Q. 5 seems to be one which might be criticized as being somewhat outside the scope of the syllabus and about which many candidates, having no knowledge of the use of ready-bound books for replacement purposes, would have little to say. In the average library, the junior assistant usually has few opportunities of going into the pros and cons of this question, which might more usefully have been reserved for the Final Examination.

Mr. Munford takes a much more emphatic view: The second paper is, in my view, a very fair and useful test. Would I could say the same of the Elementary Library Administration? In this paper there is only one question which gives the representative examinee a fair chance of success. This is the second — on registration of periodicals, etc. All the other questions would do admirably for the proposed Intermediate: paper one, but they are sadly out of place here. The first question — on the control of children using a lending library in a service possessing no junior library — may be attempted possibly by students working in such a system, but it calls for a more balanced appreciation of our many administrative difficulties than can be expected at the first professional examination. *Q.* 3 — on county library issues from headquarters — is far from easy for any but those with the experience which covers this routine.

The fourth question might be attempted by those in large libraries, but it handicaps all others. The fifth question, on the respective advantages of books bound from sheets and publishers' casings bears, I submit, no possible relation to the everyday work and study of a junior assistant.

All of the questions in the third paper have their point, in that they call for constructive technical thinking rather than technical knowledge pure and simple, but it is scarcely fair to expect examinees here to devote two-thirds of their short one and a half hours to constructive technical thinking and to do justice to themselves. If questions of this kind are to be set, then it is essential to include them in a wider choice.

Correspondence

PUBLIC LIBRARY,
EASTLEIGH,
HANTS.
4th December, 1937.

THE EDITOR,
THE LIBRARY ASSISTANT.

SIR,—

I was much interested by Mr. Cooper's letter, which I read in your last issue, and I would like to add some remarks of my own concerning some of the points he mentions.

The difficulties in the way of students obtaining adequate access to requisite text-books for their examination courses are, I agree, many, despite the excellent service provided by the Hon. Librarian of the A.A.L. Library, who, I may say, has always been most generous with his loans to me. This library cannot be expected to increase its stock to the extent that would be really desirable, without further funds; surely, then, might it not be possible to introduce an extra service in connexion with this scheme, by means of individual subscriptions paid by the students themselves? I have not myself the statistics to show whether the demand would be great enough to make this an economic proposition, but if it were, I feel sure that it would be appreciated by a great many people.

This question of text-books is becoming a very serious one, as owing to the number and length of the readings given by tutors in the courses, it is almost impossible to go through these more than once while preparing a lesson, and when time is found for this later, the book is often not available.

I have been fortunate enough to see a copy of the *Classification decimale universelle*—but I had to go to Brussels to do so.

I have not yet failed the Intermediate Examination, but I hope to have

the opportunity before very long. However, has Mr. Cooper ever dis- cussed the question of examinations with members of other professions? I do not think he can have done, or he would have found the same kind of cynicism he complains of amongst them too. Perhaps it is a kind of defence. Seriously, I cannot agree that it is the Library Association in particular which is at fault; rather must one look to the examination system in general, which everyone admits is quite pernicious, but for which no one has yet discovered a really satisfactory substitute.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN M. PECHELL.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY,
HERNE HILL ROAD,
LONDON, S.E.24.
6th December, 1937.

THE EDITOR,
THE LIBRARY ASSISTANT.

SIR,—

I was very interested to read Mr. Cooper's letter, dated 30th October, regarding the formation of a professional library in connexion with the correspondence courses. It would be as well to look into the points involved.

Some 1,000 students enter for the A.A.L. courses each year, and the suggested figure of £10 is a fair estimate for text-books. Where could either the L.A. or the A.A.L. find anything like £10,000 for books? It should also be realized that a central repository and a paid staff would be needed to deal with the whole matter of purchasing books, sending them to students—and recovering them after the examination soon enough to supply other students' needs.

On several occasions the A.A.L. Council has had under consideration the question of an adequate supply of text-books for students. At one time an attempt was made to compile a union catalogue of library text-books contained in the libraries of London with a scheme of inter-library loans. This was found to be unworkable, as when books were required, they were usually being used by members of the staff of the libraries concerned. At another time, the Education Committee enquired into the possibility of allowing students to hire text-books, as some of the commercial training colleges do. Here again the initial cost would be too much. Many of the

colleges using this scheme are their own publisher, and are thus able to adjust new editions of books to fit in with their own requirements, whereas we should never quite know when a book would be superseded by another book or even a new edition of the same book. A good example of this is shown in the cataloguing section, where Quinn and Acomb's work was superseded by Sharp's *Cataloguing*, first edition, which, in its turn, has already been made out of date by the introduction of a second edition, all in less than two years. Had we had hire arrangements, or, as Mr. Cooper indicates, free loan of text-books, we should have hundreds of these particular books on our hands.

It seems to me that the only practicable way of dealing with the question is to endeavour to secure the co-operation of Chief Librarians who would maintain reasonably adequate staff collections, which many of them definitely have not at present, and for the A.A.L. to continue adding to its Library new and duplicate copies of the necessary books as shown by the requests for loans.

As regards the whereabouts of important and out-of-print books, I would suggest that the information should be obtained from the Regional Bureaus, who, if unable to give the required information, would forward the application to the National Central Library.

Yours, etc.,
H. C. TWAITS,
Hon. Librarian.

[*Most of the points in these letters are examined in detail in an article by Mr. K. A. L. Roberts of Birmingham, which is unavoidably held over. We hope to publish it in our next issue.—Hon. Ed.*]

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY,
FOLKESTONE.
8th December, 1937.

THE EDITOR,
THE LIBRARY ASSISTANT.

SIR,—

It was with something closely akin to amusement that I read Mr. Roy Cooper's letter in the December issue of this journal.

I venture to think that he was "flogging a *very* dead horse" in his observations on the Intermediate Examination.

Every junior member of our profession undoubtedly feels disconcerted

at the prospect of sitting for an examination the results of which display such a low percentage of successes. This feeling is pardonable, but the impression it seems to leave on the minds of our student colleagues is deplorable. Mr. Cooper, himself, deplores the gloomy forebodings of the man who is studying for the Intermediate, but he, like nearly everyone else who airs his opinions in these pages, does not "examine his conscience" and lay the cause of failure where it truly belongs, but attributes it to a variety of reasons which, frankly, are absurd. He tells us that "there are two ways of being incapable." One is "mental incapacity, and the other is incapacity through lack of means." He omits the third, and greatest of them all, incapacity through lack of inclination.

Apparently, in his opinion, it is necessary to read all the books mentioned in the syllabus in order to pass the Intermediate Examination. What a horrible prospect! If a student read half the books mentioned in the syllabus, he would need all day every day, without fulfilling his professional duties, in order to pass the examination.

Perhaps Mr. Cooper is unlucky in his choice of tutor. Perhaps he can't procure all the books mentioned in the syllabus. But what he ought to do is to avoid being influenced by the legion of parasites who encumber our profession with their eternal carping criticism of the examiners, the A.A.L. tutors, and life in general. Personally, if I had failed the Intermediate Examination on two occasions, I should be very slow to describe my professional colleagues as being "intellectually negligible."

Yours faithfully,

VINCENT CLARKE.

Announcements *(continued)*

We offer our apologies to members of the Kent, Midland, South Wales, South-Western, and Yorkshire Divisions, reports of whose activities have, unfortunately, to be held over till next month owing to pressure on our space.

The staff of Bermondsey Public Libraries have recently formed a table tennis club and have played a few matches, but would like to obtain games with other libraries in London. Will those interested please write to Mr. H. Christopher, Central Library, Spa Road, London, S.E.16.

New Members

CENTRAL.—Miss E. Jarram (Whitchurch, Salop); Miss M. Sellars (Fife County); A. B. Thomson (Glasgow); Miss G. M. Towers (Oswestry).

Devon and Cornwall.—F. C. Cole (Plymouth); C. J. Langman (Launceston); Miss C. A. Mackenzie (Exeter); A. E. Nichols (Hele's School, Exeter); Miss K. E. Perrin (University College, Exeter); R. S. Phillips (Devon County); A. Rowett (St. Austell).

East Midlands.—Miss D. Buigley (Colleges of Art and Technology, Leicester); A. W. Cobb (Newark); Miss M. Costello, Miss J. A. Farmer (Derby County); G. E. Flack, Miss J. M. Gladstone (Notts University); Miss C. E. Harper (Notts County); W. J. Swailes (Leicester); G. A. Woodward (Arnold).

Eastern.—R. F. Cracknell (East Suffolk County).

Kent.—J. J. Butcher (Maidstone P. L.); Miss J. B. Cody (Dover); Miss D. Leigh (Sidcup); F. A. Shore (Orpington); Miss E. G. Smith (Blackfen, Sidcup).

Greater London.—K. V. Attew (Kingston); W. G. Brown (Twickenham); F. H. France (Herts County); Miss E. H. Goodfellow (St. Bride Foundation); Miss B. M. Harris (Surbiton); H. E. Haver (Poplar); Miss J. W. Hayes (Camberwell); L. T. Jarrett (Mitcham); C. A. MacSweeney (Poplar); Miss M. G. Mercer (Bethnal Green); Miss D. M. Moore (Bedford College); S. J. Peek (Poplar); Miss J. Rosenberg (Hampstead); Miss A. H. Roy (Islington); Miss B. M. Wood (B.B.C.).

Midland.—J. L. Bate, R. A. Harris, Miss O. E. Scott, S. C. Timms, G. Whatmore, Miss M. M. Wynn (Birmingham).

North-Eastern.—Miss D. Rennoldson (Thornaby-on-Tees); Miss J. A. Lee, Miss M. Willis (Newcastle Lit. and Phil.).

North-Western.—K. G. D. Cave (Manchester University); A. C. Firth (Manchester), Miss E. Gardner (Preston); Miss E. Heys (Nelson); H. I. Hunt (Middleton); Miss E. M. Midgley (Preston); D. Petty (Nelson); Miss D. Atkinson, Miss F. Bennion, Miss D. E. Bluck, Miss M. Buckley, Miss M. Chadbond, Miss L. Cheetham, Miss G. Davies, Miss E. Disley, Miss E. Heyes, Miss B. W. Hirst, Miss M. U. Hodgkinson, Miss S. E. Livingstone, Miss E. R. Taylor, Miss M. Tootell; Messrs. S. H. Barlow, H. Collier, H. Cullum, G. F. Foster, H. N. Golding, H. Hibbert, T. Hill, A. Holden, A. A. Hurst, E. D. Jameson, J. Makin, H. Riding, J. Vickers (Bolton).

South Wales.—G. A. Dickman (Pembroke County); P. D. John (Barry).

South-West.—W. G. Harris (Winchester).

Yorkshire.—V. R. Halsall (Leeds); C. R. Stuchbury, Miss M. C. Watkinson, Miss I. Webster (Huddersfield).

CORRECTION.—The name of J. D. Perry was inadvertently included in the last list of new members. Mr. Perry has, of course, been a member of the A.A.L. for many years, probably more than he cares to remember.

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